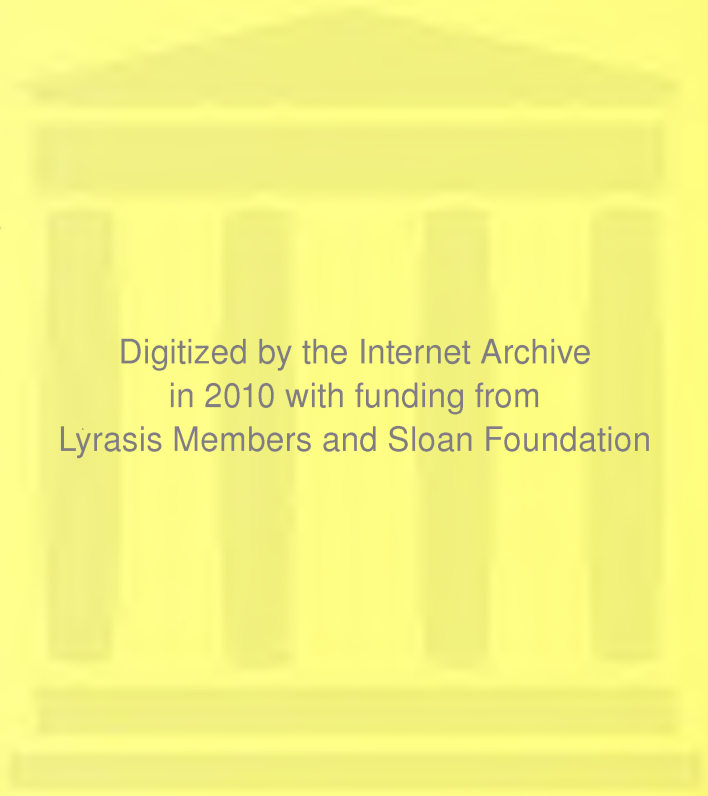


The Sketch Book



Spring 1937



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MAY 1937

THE SKETCHBOOK

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Milton Herder
TECHNICAL ADVISER.....Donald Cooke
ADVERTISING MANAGER.....Joseph Mazzotta
PUBLICITY.....{ John V. Glass
 { Carl Zaretski
TYPISTS.....{ Louise L. Shock
 { Charlotte Byj
LAYOUT STAFF.....{ Jack Eves
 { Irene Coldwell
FEATURES.....{ Charles Boland
 { Beth Henninger
EDITORIAL STAFF — Claude Clarke, Robert F.
 Geise, Maurice Chuse, Laura Allen, Jane
 Trescott, Bob Greenwell.

A JUSTIFICATION

"OH! — You are a *commercial* artist? How nice."

She smiles condescendingly, and you can't help but observe that you've come down ten points in her estimation. "A commercial artist" — she later tells one of her dilettante — of — the — Arts friends — "not a real artist." Not a real artist. Commercial. Cheap, of course.

So prevalent is this feeling among artists and the public, today, that we have sometimes been reticent in admitting we were a commercial artist and not a "real" one. This attitude is not only an uncomfortable one; it is totally unjustified. To our present way of thinking commercial and academic art are not only both essential, but one is in no way inferior to the other.

Looking at the question sociologically, it becomes entirely one-sided with the weight on the side of industrialization. For it is almost axiomatic that being a "good human being" is more important than being a good artist; and unless he lives parasitically on the proverbial rich uncle, the fine artist is usually hard put to it to support himself in a decent way.

But we will dismiss this argument. If an artist is willing to deprive himself of material luxuries that he may further his art, it is certainly his option. Unless he becomes a public charge, a man has a right to be happy rather than a "good upright citizen."

Moreover, we do not condemn what Bob Geise calls "spending a lifetime attempting to capture the brilliancy of God's pure sunlight . . . with all its dramatic light and luminous shadows." Let no one mistake us. We simply say that "slaving over Heinz's Crispy Cracker labels" is no less worthy of an artist's endeavor and pride.

Let us get to the fundamental question: Does commercialism in any way interfere with the ultimate purpose of Art? We cannot be dogmatic about "purposes," but neither can we proceed without some basic assumptions. Therefore: the artist's purpose is to tell the truth as he sees it, or to create beauty. But these functions are of value only as far as they affect human beings. A great tree falling to earth will make no noise if there is no one to hear it — for noise is the effect of the disturbance *upon a living creature*. Similarly, art is only as great as its potential effect — intellectual or spiritual — upon people. With this in mind, would not the act of bringing art before the great masses be in furtherance of its fundamental purpose? More than this, the humanist must feel that a little art affecting the great multitudes is of greater value than much art enjoyed by a very limited few.

We can, then, apply design to a more widespread use than has been done. I should be prouder to create a cheery pattern for a cream pitcher whose low price will bring it to thousands of homes, than a magnificent piece of sculpture to adorn, let us say, a mausoleum to be seen by few. The graceful lines of modern industrial machinery will affect more lives and ultimately spread more beauty than many a fine oil that hangs in the gloomy miles of untrodden galleries. Surely the widespread and practical application of the artistic principles concerned here does not cheapen them.

The Academician objects, saying, "It is entirely not to the point to speak of art as simply supplying the need for beauty. Art must experiment; it must explore. Only the art that is not bound down by human needs is pure Art."

So what? It is very well to speak blithely of "purism" in Art, but is there such a thing? Is there any science or art which is purely abstract, purely theoretical? Of course not! Even mathematics, the purest of all thought-fields, is based upon fundamental axioms that are incapable of disinterested logical proof, but are based only upon *human experience*, and are created to supply a *human need*!

Nor is it necessary that we seek a philosophical "center of the universe"—a scientific basis for our lives. Julian Huxley, in his "Essays on Scientific Humanism" indicates that the scientific and the spiritual in man are his two entirely separate aspects and that one need not be confounded with the other. We, as artists then, supply nourishment for his spiritual "humanistic" side, and thus our need is not for an abstract, theoretical, "pure" science, but one which is, by its very nature "debased" by being a useful thing.

Commercialization, therefore, is simply the carrying of art one step closer to its ultimate goal—that of supplying the requirements of the mass of men.

And thus we prove that commercialization is not inherent by inartistic. If there has been any fault, it has been with the commercial artists, not commercial art!

It is for us to change that.

SO NEAR AND YET

It is a regrettable matter that the two departments of our school—the Textiles and Industrial Arts divisions—should be so totally estranged in their interests and activities. Considering how closely allied are our respective professions, this situation is undesirable. Furthermore, as human beings we're concerned with "how the other half lives."

This publication would seem to offer an excellent bond of relationship between us and our brethren across the courtyard. We therefore cordially—and hopefully—invite the School of Textiles lads to tell us something of themselves in the next Sketchbook.

Come, gentlemen! Who'll break the ice?



To The Faculty

*Whose generous
response in our
moment of need
is characteristic
of their unselfish
spirit,*

WE DEDICATE
THIS ISSUE

Selling

Commercial Art

HOWARD ALBER
Director, Alber Studio of
Associated Artists

THE average art student studies for four years. For four years he harbors the sincere hope that after a formal graduation, he will be successful in selling his art.

In his school assignments he endeavors to reach artistic results to the exclusion perhaps of the element of probable commercial requirements. A pleasing subject, an ideal situation, a short title or copy line may make a strong appeal to him, but unfortunately, the commercial world, too frequently presents a drab subject or a trying situation with difficult copy. Individuality and originality of technique must not run rampant, but must be held in reserve until the story, to be told by the advertisement, stands forth clearly.

It may be of advantage to state a few of the fundamentals culled from actual experience that are conducive to the successful marketing of commercial art.

The first step can be designated as "Know yourself, your work and your personality." Judge your work faithfully. The element of truth from the first conception to the finished execution can only be judged by the student himself. No teacher, critic or overseer can justly analyze the thoughts or workings of the student's mind. Disregard entirely the fact that the creator of this work is also to be the critic. Consider it the work of someone else—and frankly determine whether or not it's advertising the product not the artists—whether it demands attention and holds

it—if it tells you anything when you've recognized it, and if so will it help you recognize an ad that may appear in the future. All these and many more simple analyses can be constructive to the individual if truthfully indulged.

A similar process of self-analysis can be applied to any form of commercial art. Interpreting the word Commercial Art to be as follows: "any form of art which aids 'sales ability' or creates a sales market." Therefore, let us assume that the first step in selling commercial art is truthful self-analysis.

In natural order, the second step would be "know your market",—what types of business can use your ability and specialties. Look around, read, inquire and by all means get around, even as a student. To shut yourself from the public, to think only of technique and medium is most dangerous. Remember that commercial art is alive, it moves and is dependent on that which goes on around us.

The third step let us term "know your customer." A natural question would be "How do we go about this?" Learn to observe as much as you are being observed. When you are contacting new people, give a man as much chance to ask questions as possible. Look for, and make yourself interested in his reactions and viewpoints. Suggest methods and ways to execute art work, rather than dictate them. The really subtle salesman presents ideas in such a way as to make a customer think they are his own, thus breaking the usual sales resistance. Get your customer to tell you his problems and show

your interest in solving them and assisting him. The quiet sympathetic attitude frequently accomplishes more than that of self-assurance and aggressiveness. Do not take for granted that your contact knows all of your abilities, whether you have mentioned them before or not. The man that is listening to a salesman does not note every word, but is most likely to get a general reaction. Do not expect him to remember all you have told him on a previous visit. It is opportune reminders and not just the display of your wares, that keep you before his eyes. With repeated and frequent impressions, you may gain his esteem and good will.

The world is full of clever draftsmen, many with a greater capability for delineation than you, but to have that advantage should mean greater sales ability. Contacts, appearance, and personality are all of some importance, but do not rely on them alone. A few individuals have sold themselves because of physical attractiveness but this does not happen frequently.

The commercial artist who is endeavoring to work on a free-lance basis must consider each new contact as a new employer. The policy and the manner of his work is dependent on that man and on each occasion, to assure repeated jobs, he must satisfy the man for whom he is doing the work.

The average buyer of art work assumes (and probably rightly) that a young artist recently thrown on his own cannot be master of many techniques.

Truth will again play an important part when the ex-student is asked whether or not he or she feels capable of doing such and such a job. Remember that turning it down will not of necessity spoil your chances of approaching the contact in the future for that type of work. Taking that same job and executing it improperly will find you turned away from any future opportunity with that prospect.

A very easy and ready answer to queries as above mentioned is, "at the present time I'm not practiced enough in that specialty to assure you a proficient result, rather than disappoint you I'd suggest that someone else do it. If, of course, I'll be helping you on the time element or any other way, I'll be glad to do the best I can."

Actual experience in the industrial world tends not to deny but rather to modify the ideals that are imbued in the student's mind. Physical limitations, color, paper, expensive reproduction which seem to be difficulties, with experience will probably seem simple. The clear approach that comes from careful analysis and understanding will produce a better final product.

We know from studying the old masters, that a simple pallet with limited pigments has produced the greatest variations, that the actual limitations sharpen the creator's inventiveness and enrich the results.

There are no rules for selling that could be held to all the time, but signal lights observed with good judgment may lessen the mishaps on the road of experience.

DAFFYNITIONS

A model is a person who thinks she is back in the same pose, but isn't.

A croqui is a period of time between rests.

Miss Norcross is a person which if we listen to whom, we would look up and draw in the air.

Research is what, if we did on Wednesday mornings, would be good for us.

Smug Look: that which we try to conceal when Mr. Rothermel hangs something on the wall, which isn't often.

THE AGONY OF

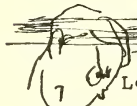


Assignment.



Make panel —
any subject

any subject



Let's see



Figures.

Lots of figures
Composition.
Carrying line.

Figures.



What doing?



Something POWERFUL!
Modern Industry?

No.
Been
done
before.



Think hard ...

HARD.

Farmers....
primitive farmers.
~~oxes~~ oxen.
man and oxen conquering nature
love the Land
the good earth

The Good Earth

swell picture
wonder how made
locust scene?

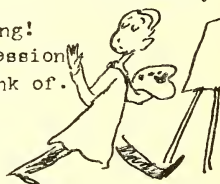
pay boy scouts penny
apiece for locusts?

billion locusts
million boy scouts
1000 locusts per b. s.
1¢ per locust
\$10 per boy scout

Good Money

Mind wandering!

Own profession
to think of.



Panel.



GETTING AN IDEA

Maybe
better get a drink.
help to think.



HAH! Rhyme!

Get a drink
Help to think
Get idea
Quick as wink
Bad meter

Get drink anyway



Back to grind.



Ought to depict
a Movement.
something stirring.



Marxism
or Labor Rights
or Birth Control



Would be acclaimed.

Feted.



Or maybe something abstract
deep

fiery colors

paint like a very demon

nobody understand it
criticize praise

Impenetrable
Young Genius



Grow long hair
maybe mustache



Waxed?

No.

Jab girl friend in eye.

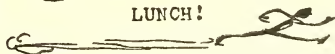
Peach fuzz.

Wait a year.



HOT DOG! The bell!

LUNCH!



INGLORIOUS ADVENTURE

Decorations by BOB GREENWELL

• *Suspecting an untapped wealth of adventure, we asked two members of our faculty—Misses Schell and Iliff—to tell us of some of their sketching experiences. Our suspicions were well founded! From two manuscripts full of juicy human interest stories, we have chosen these two particularly delectable bits.*

MISS ILIFF

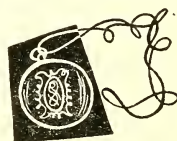
It was on the coast of Brittany—St. Malo, to be exact—that practically everywhere I looked there was something exciting to paint. Picturesque Breton women sat along the curbs selling trays of glistening mackerel, while all manner of carts and saboted people clattered by on the cobble streets.

From the huge sea walls I watched the men busily loading heavy horse-carts full of the sea-weed which every morning buried the beach. Later in the day from the same walls I looked down on hundreds of children clambering over rocky slopes, seeking pools of tiny fishes.

The place was so breathlessly paintable that for want of a beginning place, I decided to find a quiet rocky promontory far out on the beach and paint the distant sea and islands. I went down the sea wall to the beach and then wandered far out on the sand beyond the beach tents and frolicking children. Finding a ridge of rock from which there was a good paintable view of a distant peninsula, I was soon splashing away with cerulean blue and orange (you had to use them), burnt sienna for the seaweed. . . .

Before long I was completely lost in atmosphere, color, aims, and mistakes. Then, just in the midst of a wash, a rattle of French came from behind me. It was so easy not to listen to a foreign language that I wasn't bothered in the least. Then

the voice went high and frantic and a powerful hand grabbed my shoulder. I looked down and saw myself as I was—on the last little knob of rock surrounded on all sides by a swirl of rushing water—and me unable to swim a stroke! How I got onto my feet, stumbled down the rock and into a little tub of a boat or how that Frenchman guided it in that mad, dashing sea, I'll never know. This is sure—the mighty rush of tide water (it swallows up more than a mile and a half of beach with the speed of a galloping horse) caught up with a Whatman block, a red sable brush, a set of paints and myself, and out of the lot claimed all except me and the gold locket a certain Frenchman now wears.



MISS SCHELL

I had just finished a month of intensive sketching in a small New England town. The last day, Sunday, had come, and I decided to devote it to neatness and orderliness in my work, medium, and appearance. Instead of cumbersome oil-equipment, I chose compact watercolor, dressed freshly in

starched clothes, and decided to do doorways and details, all of which seemed dignified, inconspicuous, and appropriate to a Sunday morning. I found a lovely winding street, full of just what I wanted. Any house would have suited the purpose but I finally chose one, and just opposite, where the point of view was exactly right, I opened up my sketching stool on the sidewalk with my back against a wall.

Beyond this wall was a lovely small garden with a winding path leading back to a tiny white cottage. There were flowers everywhere—hollyhocks as tall as the house—birds, blue shutters, smoke in the chimney—really, I should have been painting all this.

But I had started out to do doorways. I had planned my morning and I fancied I had some will power, so I kept my eyes ahead and proceeded. The doorway progressed. But the peaceful cottage behind continued to intrigue me. Who lived there? What went on? Only the gentlest and kindest of people could fit into this setting. And sure enough, out of the cottage came the sweetest little old lady with a neat black dress, snow white hair, apron, and cap, poking among



her flowers, snipping off here and straightening up there—wandering slowly.

Finally she discovered me at the foot of the wall. I wondered if she would speak and decided to let her make the advances. Nothing happened, so I thought I would venture a smile. But

she had turned and was wandering slowly back. Too late! I had missed an opportunity. But I watched her, for the setting was perfect—her lovely slow movements, her apparent familiarity with every plant and bush. Even when she filled the water buckets and watered the flowers, it seemed part of the picture.

And I had to force myself once more to turn my back and go on with the doorway. Why did I have to sit there and worry over perspective and getting the thing spaced and straight, when I could be doing that lovely human being back of me? But, no! I would stick to my plan. No more looks around. Keep my mind on my work. Concentrate. Finally the thing was almost finished. Looked pretty good, for me. Nice washes, fresh color. Glad after all that I had stuck it out.

Just then there was a slight noise overhead. I looked up without turning my head and saw the sweet little old lady, black dress, apron, cap, and all, poised on the wall back of me, with a large bucket of water uplifted, and when my face was also uplifted she let go, right straight in my face—the whole bucketful. Surprised and sputtering, I was wondering what it was all about, when she reached down, lifted another bucket, and let me have it again.

Then I knew what had happened. For one thing, my water color was no more. It had been washed off the page. My clothes were no longer starched, but limp, and clinging and I was decidedly all wet.

The little old lady wandered back up the path to the cottage buried in hollyhocks.

Months after I found out she had carried out an old English custom of chastising people who broke the Sabbath.

No doubt she was right.

Why

ARE WE ARTISTS?

By ROBERT F. GEISE

WE ARE not all artists. Many of us are simply craftsmen with a good eye. The state of being an artist is derived from a deep-thinking and imaginatively creative mentality. Even though we can draw facts or their symbols, we are then only as near being an artist as a builder who has bricks but no plans.

Now that we have narrowed down to the creative and intelligent thinker who has mastered his tools by unceasing struggle, what does he wish to create, and better yet, *why* does he? Is it to feed his ego with simply the final knowledge that now he can render the human form rather accurately or get a brilliant color? This, of course, is a narrow, temporal outlook, and if properly diagnosed, may lead the artist much further toward being of service not to himself alone, but broadening his scope so that he can aid humanity in the large. If he can then feel this need for making the world the happier for his having been alive and contributing, then I know he will feel far happier. He will know others will feel a thrill and enthusiasm, or will become more seriously thoughtful for being exposed to the artist's point of view.

This bolsters his confidence in himself, and, coupled with the feeling of possessing capabilities and far-sighted revelations that most do not have, he is quite happy at remaining in work that is to him play, and sometimes to hear praises.

Now, what are the deep and profound thoughts running through the artist's brain as he stops to think, "How can I be of great service to multitudes with a bit of white lead, some ochres,

or a block of marble or copper?" Well, he may fling a flaming, surging richness of bountiful color and warmth of texture and glow of vibrant, pulsating life before a drab, dreary, and commonplace existence, devoting his entire life in experimentation to capture these elusive fleeting effects onto an unresponsive, bare, flat canvas—I warrant you, a job well worth a lifetime of endeavor without taking off a single hour for sleep or food, let alone to waste on slaving over Heinz' Crispy Cracker labels.

Or, the artist may devote all his energies to attempting to capture the brilliancy of God's pure sunlight falling upon objects, with all its dramatic light and luminous shadows, and so filled with color as to hold the world spellbound at the wonderment of Heaven's illumination—for they'll seldom feel it, left to themselves, each following in a dogged way his mercenary job, and scarcely appreciating the wonders of nature unless forced upon him by a dramatic canvas.

There are other artists supremely interested in showing the world how well objects or a thought may be suggested by short cuts, planes, omissions, or displacements either of form, line, or color. Others endeavor toward indicating the state of their minds when intoxicated with feminine pulchritude, filling acres of surface in galleries to show the rest of the world how unbelievably marvelous is a woman's warm, velvety skin and graceful contour. There are artists who paint their interpretations of religion and mythology, and countless others who, when the world is economically ill, do not follow a missionary's or doctor's procedure, but keep reminding the world of its

condition, usually elaborating on it.

A recent exhibition at the Art Alliance portrayed slovenly and emaciated hoboes grovelling pennilessly in depression-blue-colored gutters, over their heads newspapers screaming in large black letters of the falling stock market as it affected every line of business. A glance at this and the beholder, failing to find a new ray of hope that the artist might have given instead of this pitiful sight, gives up and leaves the galleries, heading for a suitably high bridge. Yes, there are miles of

dead canvases for every square inch of sheer stimulating beauty.

Ultimately, we who have to become artists, keep at it in order to give the universe a helping hand, to scatter happiness and deeper thoughts. I sometimes think an artist, sensing philosophically the shallowness and superficiality of most others about him, paints in sheer effort to improve the outlook of these immature souls, teaching them to submerge their petty differences and greed, and creating stronger kinship and greater universality of all peoples and nations.

PRIVATE MYSTERY

WE hope our readers will forgive us this selfish use of the power of the press. We have a little mystery that has been percolating through our brain for some time, accompanied by the usual cessation of animal functions such as eating, sleeping, and falling in love. Unless this enigma is solved shortly, this magazine will be minus one good, slightly-used editor.

We read in the first issue of 'Ringmaster,' the magazine of caricature, a short biographical sketch of the energetic Mayor LaGuardia. The end of the article, in keeping with the character of the man, broke into a series of unconnected words, ending in an incoherent jumble, viz., ". . . walked up to apartment, elevator strike; walked down again; walked up again; hurried to office; ran to fire; ran back; hurried talked dashed etaoin shrdlu cmfwyp."

Of course we would have assumed the letters at the end meant nothing if we did not have a vague, creepy feeling that we had seen that self same jumble somewhere before. Sure enough, leafing through our old high school record book, one day, we came to an article which was signed, cryptically, 'etaoin shrdlu cmfwyp.'

Now then, there are several possibilities:

a). Both writers independently and accidentally arrived at the same meaningless combination of letters. We believe in coincidences—but not miracles.

b). The combination of letters has some meaning which has thus far eluded this one who prides himself upon his ability to get at the bottom of any cryptogram that has a bottom.

c). The combination of letters is Jaloppian dialect, with which we are not conversant.

d). The writer of the *Ringmaster* article and the *Record* article are the same person, and for hevin sake, couldn't he stand a little variety?

e). That the writer of the LaGuardia sketch borrowed the dear little jumble from the *Record* (published first); which is a libelous thought, so forget it.

f). The right one.

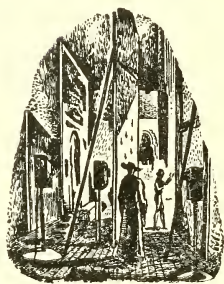
If you know the right answer, please address all communications to:

The Etaoin Shrdlu Cmfwyp Mystery Editor,
or, better still, tell us when you pass us in the hall.

—MILTON HERDER.

LOOKING AND LISTENING

with KIRK MERRICK



THE THEATRE! That magic realm wherein tones of sound and colors of light and fabric, combine with the motion of men to transport us abroad its restraining walls! Sometimes the mood is dark—the colors drab and the plight of men futile and hopeless. We share with them the tragedy of their fate. If, in a twinkling an electric switch be thrown—a back-drop flied; then shining silk may flash in accompaniment to the sparkling laughter of carefree gaiety. The mirror has been reversed and we lightly share the fun of our minds. Or, again, the scene may be fantastic, the colors unearthly, and we enter with our leaders the esoteric land of the supernatural.

If you are a real lover of the theatre, I feel, you must love—when each is fine in its own field—the products of all the theatre's various branches. Thus, he who likes only drama, or he who likes only musical comedy, is to me like he who will dine on only one food when a full rich fare awaits.

Hundreds of shows—legitimate productions, concerts, recitals, operas, and—lately—motion pictures—pass before our eyes; and, fortunately, fade with the passing. The majority do serve the purpose of entertainment for the moment, and, I suppose, may therefore be termed "good." These, after the above due credit, have no place on my present list. The bad let us dismiss. Let us concern ourselves rather with those heights which glow forever after in the mind.

And what may those heights be? I cast about in mind and evolve this statement as my basis of judgment; a unity of writing, staging, and acting which rings in entirety as TRUTH to the spectator with an instant impact of conviction.

Genius has been described elsewhere as the expression of any truth so pinpoint, crystal clear that it seems—once beheld—so brilliant and illumined that we may never again live without its light.

With this thought in mind, I present to you Nazimova. See her! See her or you shall miss the splendor of the greatest living actress. She is old. She is not well. She tires very easily. She is small. But, on the stage she is tall—small—gay—tragic—young—old—anything she wishes to be! Certainly, here is the most vital spirit in the theatre.

I saw her first when I was seven years of age and fell immediately under the spell of her magnificence. I felt then, and I recognize now, an artist before whom all others fade. I have seen all of her productions—most of them many times. About 1914, Hollywood called, and a prosperous screen career was the

result. Artistic differences with the producer led Nazimova to finance, with the sizable fortune she had amassed, a modern production of *Salome*. Though the picture was an artistic triumph, it was a financial fiasco. It had the great fault of being about fifteen years ahead of its time. Its direct results left Nazimova impoverished and at odds with the producers who were her hope of further work.

We find her—a woman over fifty—undaunted. She put the few dollars she could gather together into a vaudeville sketch and toured the country, playing the tank towns four and five shows a day. So, on to New York. Beaten? Never!

There she joined Eva LeGalliène and the Civic Repertory Theatre. Not a come-back—her talent had never waned—but she scored very heavily in Chekhov's "*Cherry Orchard*." Through adversity her art had become richer and fuller in expression than ever before. Following *The Cherry Orchard*, the Theatre Guild claimed her for stellar roles. After several seasons, they presented her in Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. And at sixty, we find her thrilling her audiences—I then thought she had reached her height—in that play.

And now for a moment to Sarah Bernhardt—certainly one of the theatre's great figures. I saw the Divine Sarah at the end of her career. Her vitality and her power were amazing—all the more so because of her dominating her last play from a chair to which she was confined by the loss of a leg.

But la Bernhardt had failed to look upon the world and note its change. She ranted and raved—with the fire and power I must indeed admit—but utterly failed to understand the trend of restraint and naturalness in acting which by this time had become an aide in the theatre's quest of truth.

At Nazimova's age, I feel it fair to compare the work of these two ladies of the drama. Nazimova has never looked only within herself. She is shy, quiet, and retiring, but keen in observation; and she feeds her artistry upon the finding of her understanding seeing. In her recent production of Ibsen's "*Ghosts*," she surpassed even herself. Her work is a marvel to behold.

Among great artists, who fairly can be termed greatest? On the one point alone—progress with her time—I hand the palm to Alla Nazimova—greatest of all actresses!

Just as Nazimova absorbs unto herself a character and pours it out to you in dazzling brilliance, so does Kirsten Flagstad sing. Singing voices, alas, wear not so well and their lustre passes suddenly so completely. Marion Anderson, our great negro contralto, is another whose voice and musicianship will inspire and lift you if you will but listen.

High musical spots, indeed, were the ten operas given three seasons back by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Capably sung, beautifully played, superbly conducted, and—most surprising of all—expertly staged, they remain an operatic goal for the world. Opera, after all, is music drama. Why, therefore should we not lavish upon it all the advantages of modern stage facilities? Just that was done, and the convention-bound operatic world sat up, marveled, and got busy.

Tops again to Stokowski—especially when he filters Wagner through the Orchestra to you. Hear him when he conducts from the podium in the Academy of Music, for he seems to tarnish so easily near celluloid. Jose Iturbi is another whom you should meet, and needless to say, the Philadelphia Orchestra, as often as you can.

Now—to the theatre—and the dance. Any Kreutzberg recital. This man alone—his shaven head gleaming—transports you in an evening to a dozen places some of which are the non-existent lands of mood.

In Paris, I saw an Indian dancer—unheralded—nameless to me. He opened up new strange pictures of the East. For want of something better to do one rainy evening years later, I wandered into the old Garrick here in Philadelphia. A dancer named Shan-Kar was touring this country for the first time. There once more were the fascinating dances which had so delighted me in Paris. No wandering in now—he is famous and you must get your tickets in advance.

Massine's choreography for the Berlioz *Symphonie Fantastique* of the Monte Carlo Ballet. This troupe is very fine and well worth watching. Some bemoan the late glory of the Imperial Russian Ballet and the succeeding Diaghilev. True enough, the productions are less elaborate. There is no private fortune to provide the absent glitter. Technically, however, there is no letting down of the high standards of the two former ballets.

In Paris in 1930, I had the pleasure of knowing David Lichine, Alexandria Danilova, and other members of the then unformed Monte Carlo Company. One evening, after leaving the opera, I saw Miss Mabel Hall and Miss Caroline John in the adjacent Cafe de la Paix. I sat down with them at their sidewalk table. Miss Hall asked me if I knew anyone in Paris, to which—thinking only of our mutual friends—I replied in the negative.

By this time all my dancing friends had changed to their customary evening grandeur and started trailing by our table. All eyes turned in their celebrated direction. Each nodded and spoke to me by my first name—probably because they remembered no other. Miss Hall could finally stand it no longer and burst with, "So you know no one in Paris?!" and withdrew all sympathy for my friendlessness.

Drama, Music, and the Dance—what of the good hearty laugh? Beatrice Lillie, please—and Co, to you if you say otherwise.

Fourteen years ago Atlantic City was still the favored dog (try-out) town of the producers. A show was booked into the old Apollo Theatre entitled "Charlot's Revue." It came from London without benefit of press blurbs and boasted eight chorus girls and ten principals. One baggage car could have held with ease all the scenery.

This was the period of the American Revues' rhinestone best. The Follies, Scandals, Vanities, and all the independent revues were tremendous productions. It was almost unbelievable what the ingenuity of Ziegfeld, White, and Carroll accomplished on one stage.

And, in competition, along came these brave English with this tiny little intimate revue—no star, shy on scenery, but strong on wit. I don't know why I went to their first night in this country, but fortunately I did. Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, and Jack Buchanan all unknown over there as was the writing of a certain Noel Coward. That night made theatrical history. The next morning all were famous and one song from the show—*Limehouse Blues*—still holds its own among the hundreds published since that time. One show can not now carry the burden of the combined salaries of these players.

The immediate effect on the American producers was a frantic dither of scraping off spangles, sending elaborate sets to Cain's store-house and—best of all—supplanting the slap-stick comedy with satire. Out of the scramble came the delightful "Little Shows" which brought forward our own Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. An unknown named Charles Butterworth did a four minute after-dinner speech and became a star. They were grand together. Too bad, they too, went their separate ways.

Another top is Ruth Draper, who presents theatre in her own way, all by herself. On an empty stage with merely the change of a hat or the addition of a scarf she magically creates monologues which always seem to strike home with more conviction to me than those of her follower, Cornelia Otis Skinner.

Now a few plays which flash to memory. Doris Keane in "Starlight" rises from an ordinarily good player to great heights, depicting the entire scope of Sarah Bernhardt's life—in much the same way as Helen Hayes is doing with Queen Victoria in the current *Victoria Regina*. But to really see Helen Hayes, hope for a revival of Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*.

Raymond Massey's "Hamlet"—production by Norman Bel Geddes; Massey, always an impressive actor (Phillip of Spain in *Fire Over England*, and *Ethan Frome*

of last season) read *Hamlet* with the clarity which made the familiar old lines seem fresh and new.

On meeting Leslie Howard last fall, I told him I would not go to see his *Hamlet* as I admired his work too much to risk the comparison with that of Massey, after the tired Romeo he packed up for the films. He laughed pleasantly. Grand actor or good guy, which? Both, I say. His top, and very — *Berkley Square*.

Norman Bel Geddes doing *Lysistrata* with Fay Bainter, Miriam Hopkins and Ernest Truex, all in fine fettle.

The Lunts — always — for fine double playing. Watch for the one they are doing next season. The rising young Richard Whorf will be with them again. The new play — untitled as yet — will have ancient Greece as its background. From the scenario I saw, you had best see it outside Philadelphia if you expect to see it at all!

Katherine Cornell is, to me, a "sometimes" actress — although mighty, mighty, as Shaw's "St. Joan." Jane Cowl in *The Road to Rome*. Nazimova in anything. Judith Anderson in *As You Desire Me*, Burgess Meredith in *Winterset*. Nazimova, Garbo in *Anna Christie*, Tyrone Power — if he can survive Hollywood. Nazimova. Roland Young — years back — in the *Beggar on Horseback*. And I must not forget Nazimova.

Tops also to Ina Claire for brilliant intelligent playing particularly for *Biography*, through the second act of which Mr. Frederic deP. Rothenmel slept.

A producer who can be relied on, Max Gordon. His *Band Wagon* with Fred Astaire's feet followed exactly by sister Adele. In that show the ace revue sketch — *The Pride of the Claghorns* with Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and the Astaires. Gordon's *As Thousands Cheer* cut sharply at all and sundry in the public eye. And he also knows the drama as the carefully detailed *Dodsworth* proves.

The most exciting dramas I have seen off-stage was from the members spectator's gallery in Parliament when Ramsey Macdonald's government was overthrown by the party of my host's father, Stanley Baldwin. The most moving spectacle, the changing of the guards at nearby Buckingham Palace and Whitehall. The present feeling of devotion of England's people for the House of Windsor forms an impressive background for this colorful pageantry.

The most exciting song — in a glassed-walled pavillion where my father was conducting, a soprano from the Metropolitan sang the cry of the Valkurie as an electric storm broke among us. Realizing her perfect natural setting, she returned and repeated the passage. The lightning was blinding, the thunder deafening. At times — it drowned out voice and orchestra. As the peals of thunder died away, the wild cry emerged, only to be over-powered again and again by the invincible elements.

Off-stage dance — The Savoy Ballroom in Harlem any Saturday after midnight.

Off-stage comedy — Two shepherds in Stratford-on-Avon extracting a flock of sheep from at private school into which they had inadvertently wandered during classes. I helped the shepherds — or perhaps you had best ask them.

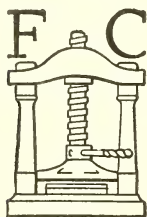
My highest honors seem all to go to the ladies — and, think as I will, I can find no man to match Nazimova, Bernhardt, Flagstad, Anderson, and Lillie. Male consolation comes in the fact that in the second group — the good fine players — the men out-number the ladies. The supporting male. Which, I suppose, is life? Or isn't it?

Last June, I received a commission which made holding my brushes a difficult feat. I was to paint a picture for Nazimova! A mutual friend decided to give her as a birthday present one of my water colors. When on tour, Nazimova always takes her paintings with her. Hence they must be small, and I was

requested to copy one of my large ones to meet the requirements of travel. Every time I started to paint, I would find myself thinking of the lady for whom it was destined, and another piece of Whatman (adv't.) would bite the waste basket. Finally, at the end of the week, I hit it. (The large ones usually take me an hour.)

Through this long ramble, I have studiously avoided any mention of that beautiful play, "Romeo and Juliet." If the reason for this is not obvious, please ask anyone who attended the recent Surrealist Ball. To mention the play at all seems so grossly unfair to all the lovely ladies who have tried so hard to play the role of Juliet — you know — in comparison to my own magnificence.

Nazimova is good, too.



THE FOLIO CLUB

An explanation to the dozens of questions as to "what is this Limited Editions Club business all about."

WITH the inspired hope of producing something beautiful and lasting, several members of this school and a few of their friends have united to illustrate, print and publish books. Their ideal is to make limited editions of books with the finest quality of illustrations, and format, at a reasonable price. Toward that end all the work and much time will be given gratis by the members, the chief expenses being the cost of materials and printing. Some bright day the club hopes to find a talented young writer who wouldn't mind seeing his work in print, so that an entirely original masterpiece can be produced.

This may seem a rather big order unless you are acquainted with the energetic instigators behind all these "goings-on." They are the very people who sit, stand or sleep next to you in class. Donald "Duck" Cooke, hatcher of the whole idea, is our peppy chairman while his brother, Ellis Cooke is addressed with respect as "the general Balance-wheel and Member Plenipotentiary of all Committees connected with Printing." I don't know who thought of this appropriate title, but I have grave suspicions.

The first meeting of the club, held in the awe-inspiring board room several months ago, was comprised of a few courageous souls. Since that time the group swelled rapidly under the first wave of enthusiasm, shrank again, and now there are about thirty members, all sincerely enthusiastically wrapped up in the work.

The first book to be presented by the group has already been chosen. After many discussions, the editorial committee, led by Mary Winston, decided upon three short stories by Robert Louis Stevenson, stories interesting in themselves and exciting material for the creative illustrator. It still remains to be seen what the club can achieve, but if the results are as splendid as the enthusiasm, ambition and talent shown thus far by the group, the first publication will be an overwhelming success.

NOTES FROM STUDENTS' SKETCHBOOKS

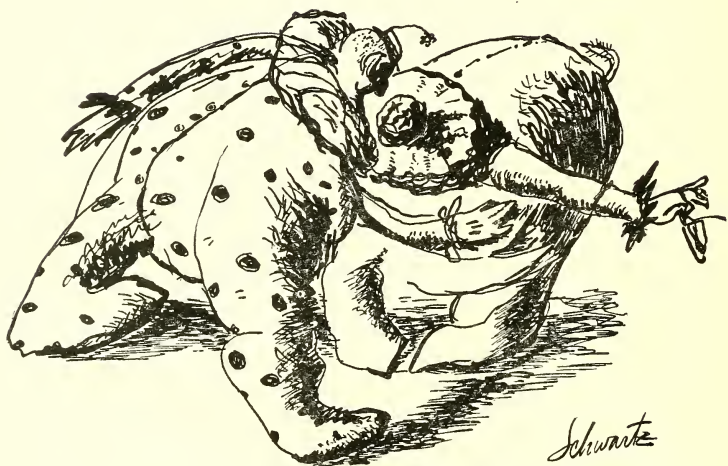
By BETH HENNINGER



SKETCH-BOOKS are enchanted places. I like to think of them as visible for scraps of information and thoughts, and a proving ground where our pet ideas materialize to be formed

and reformed and maybe to grow up into big compositions. All sorts of people may live here. People you've met in a real world, whose expressive faces and figures have said something

NOTES · FROM · STUDENTS' · SKETCHBOOKS · NO

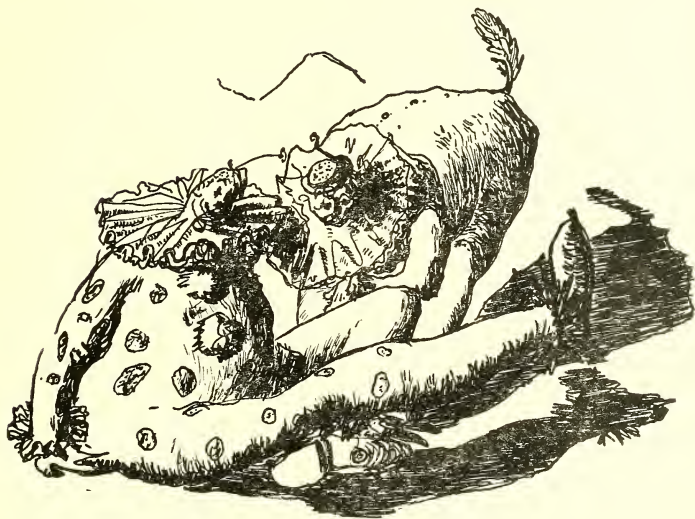


you must remember.

Don't you feel that way about Gold's people? He has made them live for us and our imagination leaps ahead to build a story around them.

The people in your sketch book are trophies—you've gone out and bagged them. And you may well be proud because you have faced many difficulties to get them. Probably the hunting grounds were some distance away. Perhaps you waited patiently for the right

kind of game, or if you were less discriminating and started shooting left and right (I notice the freshmen like to shoot them in the back). The game like as not wandered off and you missed your aim. The game has been known to become enraged and charge. Of course this is rare, the majority of them offer no resistance. The most sporting thing is to get them unawares. But the most exasperating thing is to run out of ammunition!



Perchance your people aren't from a real world at all. You've created them and they inhabit a world in your mind—a world just as real to you but one we cannot know save through your sketches.

Schwartz's clowns must come from such a place. Obviously clowns but unlike any I've ever seen. Aren't they delightful? Clumsy, comical—and yet a little pathetic! I think you'll find they'll "grow" on you. The longer

you look at them, the more amazing they become. Schwartz has a great deal of artistic daring.

Herder's wrestler speaks for itself. He's the very essence of the very spirit of them.

A good sketch has the important essentials of spirit and freedom. How valuable to us if we can carry over these priceless things from our treasure house to be of use to us in our daily artistic life.



ALBERT GOLD
MILTON HERDER
ZANE



ZANE

SARGENT OF THE SHIFTING SANDS or

AS THOUSANDS CHEER—an exposé to end all exposés.
MILTON HERDER.

HARDLY to be relegated to the field of Art, the despised calling of Beach Artistry is nevertheless turned to by many a skylarking young artist, when the balmy breezes of Spring and the High Cost of Steel Pier Admissions make the condition of his wallet of more immediate import than his Artistic Touch.

The secrets of the profession have long been kept in profoundest darkness—ever since the days of Hogarth the Headpiece, who founded "Ye Guild of Merrie Draughtsmen of Ye Shifting Sands," at Succotash-on-the-Sea. Now, for the first time, these secrets are to be bared. The methods set forth here are endorsed by such foremost disciples of the craft as Ackoff the Ack-Artist, Dannheiser the Doughty, and "Two-Tone" Talone.

As in all worthy crafts, various accouterments are requisite to good work. First and foremost are the artists.

These may be got in standard size and colors, completely equipped with smock, keen eye, a Color Sense, and Ideals from any Art school for a few cents. On the average they are very strong-minded, fractious things, and insist on perpendiculars, measurements, and Come-and-Go Quality. They can be broken of this in about three days, but for quite a while will look nervously over their shoulders, peering apprehensively into the crowd. Who can say what they expect to see? Once one fainted outright on seeing in the crowd a lady who resembled Miss Schell, and while unconscious, mumbled something unintelligible about 'sensitive lines,' and 'academic approach.' He returned to consciousness, screaming with great ferocity, "Dust it out! Swing it in!" After this ordeal, however, he

returned to normalcy, and never again blighted a drawing with a direction line.

The other Essential Equipment consists of a pit in which the artists work, called 'the pit,' an easel, known in the trade as an 'easel,' some pieces of black and colored chalk, and a few dozen sheets of paper, often referred to as 'sheets of paper.' In addition to these fundamentals, there is, of course, the almost-essential beret, without which, the Artist is unidentifiable, and might conceivably be mistaken for a Human Being. This must never be.

All this, however, is to be seen by any observer. Let us delve into the more esoteric trade-secrets of these Portrait-Painting Panhandlers.

Take an average beach exhibit. There are two easels. An artist, glorious in smock, beret, and sunglasses, is drawing a full-color portrait of a little girl who is seated on the concrete embankment of the pit. He draws carefully, reveling in glint-lights and even tries to get a likeness. But this is a no-pay job. Beware! *This is a trap!* He is not sketching the little brat on the embankment out of goodness of heart. Oh, no! No—he is a shiller. *A shiller!* Think of it and tremble. And what is his foul purpose? List—I shall tell ye:

The human animal is afflicted with a racial weakness known in medical circles as the Superscapulascope Complex.

History records this tendency as far back as the building of the Great Pyramids. And it is this weakness that the Shiller—vile creature!—makes capital of. For see! the poor gullibles flock to the railing and superscapulascope for all they're worth. They follow the Shiller's every action in thrilled admiration. "Hist," says one,

"'tis a likeness indeed!" "Now he does her hair," comments another. "And now her raiment," breathes a third. One woman is visibly carried away.

"I am visibly carried away," she admits.

But observe! Unknown to these poor trusting sheep, a *second* artist slinks out to the other easel. He looks wildly about the crowd, his eyes light on a little Caspar Milquetoast of a man, and snarling viciously all the time, rapidly makes some black scrawls on the sheet of paper before him. Alas! It's too late. The little man is lost! Be there so little as an eyelash on the paper (they always start with an eyelash) when he discovers the trick, he is now honorbound to stay and have his portrait "done." For is not the eyelash his eyelash? And should he leave, would not the paper, eyelash, and artist's efforts be wasted? Yes, if he has an iota of regard for the conservation of national resources he must stay. Anyway, who could attempt to escape and survive the withering scorn of the crowd? No, it is done. He must stay.

Fifteen seconds later, the complete portrait is rolled up and magnificently given to the victim. With fifty people behind him superscapulascopitating like anything, he tremblingly unrolls the magnus opus. All at once a great cheer is set up and the portrait is torn from Mr. Milquetoast's hands and passed

among the admiring throng. Of course, the portrait is nothing like the Victim. Instead of having a weak, sandy chin, he is portrayed as a veritable Mussolini. His funny little blob of a nose has been interpreted as a Barrymore profile. The little wisp of seaweed on his scalp has been depicted as a full shock that would do credit to a feather-duster. But these things do not matter. For see! Is not the color of his tie matched exactly on the picture? And is not the bow in his hatband reproduced with the utmost fidelity? A roar of approval goes up—and then there is an expectant hush as the sheet is flattened out and the title seen. One man who can read, shouts it to the others. 'Boardwalk Sport,' he cries. It might just as well have been 'Man of Affairs' or 'Financial Wizard,' but this does not matter. By now the crowd's spirit knows no bounds, and with cheers of bravo! and huzzah! they throw silver and gold coins at the bowing, blushing artist. Lacking these, they sometimes throw ripe vegetables. And now the 'Boardwalk Sport,' their darling of the moment, is taken to the shoulders of the throng, who, singing and merrily breaking shop windows as they go, march triumphantly down the Boardwalk. Some run ahead and shout, "Make way for the Sport!"

The Artist picks up the coins, which he pockets, the vegetables, which he eats, and prepares for the ordeal again.

This may be repeated any number of times.

MORE DAFFYNITIONS

Charcoal: that which if you keep properly sharpened makes a heck of a lot of dust.

Portfolio: that which if people would put where it belongs, people wouldn't fall over.

Visor: that which if there is a false light, it shuts out.

Wall: that which if you are lucky, your things go up on the.

Conceited: that which we aren't even if we are geniuses.

FASHION NOTES

By IRENE COLDWELL

DID you ever see a dream walking? I did. Where? At the P. M. S. I. A.'s Annual Fashion Show.

But let your reporter tell you a bit about her feelings when it was decided that we should discuss the fashion show again, for, if you will remember, I wrote about the fashion show in the spring issue last year.

"Well," I thought, "It's just another fashion show and can't be very much different from every other one we've ever had."

And was I surprised!

To begin—the stage setting was an absolute transformation. It was perfectly plain and somewhat "Voguish" especially in the section entitled "Afternoon Presentation." As the curtain parted you saw a white column and on it was a crystal bowl holding a spray of Calla lilies. The lilies threw a hugh shadow on the back curtain and made a striking dramatic background. Marion de Frenes in a gown designed by Jo McCormick, entitled "Blue Heaven" perfected the picture with a rhapsody of color.

The theme of the fashion show this year was suggested by the advertisers and the cover of the program was changed this year for a design by Irving Penn. Penn also designed the sports screen used in the second presentation.

But on with the show! The outstanding hit, in my mind, was the pink and blue evening ensemble designed by Dena Ladin, a night school student, and worn by Bunny Rodenhauer (who, incidently, was a former student of our school and came back just to

model clothes). The cape was of pink crepe and beautifully draped in a cowl effect in the back. (See illustration.) This was worn over a blue crepe dress which was form fitting and had diagonal draping in the front. Well designed, and worn well,—it was a hit. It has been rumored that this dress will be shown in the Fashion Congress.

Did you know that number two on the program which was modeled by Georgia McKinney was a suit designed for Miss Rickert?

When Miss Oldham came down the runway in the ginger tan suit designed by Lynn Schall, I just couldn't help being impressed by its typically London air. Very tailored, and extremely smart. Congratulations, Lynn.

The second presentation and the longest was given over to sportswear, taking in active sports and spectator sports. Jo McCormick led the parade this time in a clever print play dress, which could be conveniently removed by the use of the zipper that opened down the front, letting a pair of rompers peep into view. Jane Latta emerged in a biege sports costume called "Poconos." It was good looking, well designed and gained a lot of praise. She also brought a bit of "Good Earth" into the show later on by appearing in blue overalls with big orange carrots on the pockets and a big old fashioned farmers straw hat. I must mention Averell Kensinger's outfit in navy and white because it was so striking and so very practical, too. It had a navy skirt with white braid-like stitching which really "made" the

design. This stitching was reversed into blue on the white blouse.

And now my mind pops back to Edith Synder as she came down the runway in green and yellow. The jacket to her dress was a piece of excellent workmanship. There were insets of Italian hemstitching which Edith made herself. When she removed the jacket you got the pleasant surprise of a smart tailored dress trimmed in yellow. (Edith, your audience gasped.)

There were many highlights. Margaret Peel's White Silhouette—the four numbers designed from upholstery material—Bettie Sharpe's gown. Quite a knockout! Marion de Frenes little dance frock called, "Let's Dance"—and that two toned dress with the yards and yards of material that was entitled

"Moonlight and Shadows" and was designed by Ann Bergdoll.

At last (but not least) came the breathlessly lovely Coronation outfit. We have always had a bride and her bridesmaids, but because of the Coronation this year and its effect on fashion it was decided that the official Coronation gown be shown. Virginia Beegle designed it and it was checked in all details and was an approved Coronation outfit. It was a very impressive sight as Miss Rodenhauser stood in regal attitude against a screen bearing a huge crown, and we all felt the momentousness of the occasion. It was a fitting climax to a grand show.

And as the curtains closed, we heard one tired, happy mannequin murmur under her breathe,

"Long live the King . . . and thank goodness that's over!"

THE wandering road, its smooth gray cobbles tinted by the dancing, splattered sunbeams, lured him on. Climbing and dipping, it wound its way past an old fashioned garden where clematis half smothered a tiny white house with its bloom. A few yards beyond the old boxwood hedge bounding the garden the road suddenly turned, and was lost from sight.

A Road I Traveled

To Maurice the road was like an enchanted tree. The boughs that branched to each cottage in the quaint little village caught the song of life in their cobbles and sent it like sap through the turning, twisting trunk.

"Surely," he thought, "there must be some treasure at the root of this tree." Then rounding the turn he found a perfect picture. An old spring house almost concealed by a mass of purple rhododendron, but showing patches of rough gray stones stood silhouetted against a green wood, one shaft of sunlight playing across a corner.

The beginning of the road had been charming, the road itself enchanting, but for the end—an indescribable beauty—and to Maurice the road remained as but a thought of Wordsworth's

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

CHUSE.

WHY DID YOU COME TO P. M. S. I. A. ?

Walter Hazeltine—"I don't know."

Paul Dannheiser—"To study art."

Abe O'Brant—"A friend from the Academy saw my work and advised me to go to here."

Joe Gering—"Don't quote me, but I've often wondered myself."

Douglas K. Franklin—"Thinking I was talented along the art lines, I decided to take it up as my profession; thinking it not only a means of existence but an enjoyment in, and reason for life."

Bernie Blackman—"For five years after finishing high school I worked at commercial art; realizing there were certain deficiencies that could not be overcome without an art school education I came to deah old P. M. S. I. A." (Rah Rah.)

Adelaide Nelson—"As I changed from girlhood into womanhood I realized that next to Lydia Pinkham art school was the best thing for me."

Beatrice Moss—"I didn't know anything."

Dave Stech—"A change of social life."

Milton Ackoff—"Don't ask me."

Laura Allen—"Correspondence courses are such hard things."

Ann Farr—"To give the school a break."

Elizabeth Chambers—"I don't know why but I can't spell nor do arithmetic. That's a good enough reason isn't it?"

Libby Lovett—"Is this serious?"

Sue Carter—"So I'd have something to do when I'm married."

Arthur Flory—"I was too lazy to work."

Bessie Jackson—"I came here because I wanted to work." (Bessie is the maid in the cafeteria.)

Unknown Quantity—"I go to the textile school."

THE SKETCHBOOK'S
PORTFOLIO
o f P O E T R Y

PERPETRATED BY
THREE OF OUR
MERRIE COMPANY IN
THEIR RESPECTIVE
WEAKER MOMENTS,
AND RANGING FROM
BAD TO VERSE

CLAUDE CLARK

DAT JAZZ SINGIN' GAL NEXT DO'

Dahs a gal I know you'd want to know
Why, It's dat jazz singin' gal next do'
I cain't dance, I cain't play or sing —
But when dem jazz songs 'gins tuh roll,
I c'n do most anything by jing!
Cause dey tech de deepest cawds o' mah soul.

If yo' want tuh dance, play or sing
lak yo' nevah done befo'
Jus come an' listen, tuh dat
jazz singin' gal next do' . . .



De songs whisper tuh mah voice tuh sing a song
Mah voice staht singin' an' sing all day long.
Dey whisper to mah fingers fo to play
Mah fingers staht playin' an' play all day.
Dey whisper tuh mah feets, "c'n yo' dance," —
Hey! hey! jus' look at dem feets tu'n roun'
Good God a'mighty look at dem dogs prance
Aw strut it! c'mon boys let's go tuh town!

SPRUCIN' UP

Ma don't have to tell me
to wash my face,
An' tomb my hair an' wash my
hands an' neck
'Tause dere's a new dirl dat's
tome to our place —
An' I laks her, so I'se sprucin'
up, by heck!

DON COOKE

• *IDIOTORIAL NOTE*—The opinions expressed by Mr. Cooke in his poems do not necessarily represent the views either of this magazine, or of anyone this side of a lunatic asylum.

TWEEP PERCHANCE TO DREAN

In tulgeywood, in dreanland¹ deep,
The blithesome, imbisilly² tweep
(Oh hoppy³ animule)
Plays at gamboling all the day
To pass the glumly⁴ time away
(He never goes to school).

But lo! Old Gwendelberg (the rat!)
Follows til tweep where e'er he's at
(An evil eye has he)
He scrowls⁵ his jowls with fiendsome hate
And casts a spersion⁶ on tweep's pate
(He's envious as can be).

Yet, spite old Gwendelberg's designs,
The tweep cavorts, disports, and dines
(He feeds on Swedish ore-derve)
And Gwendelberg, in framptious rage,
Fumes with burbling⁷ angritage
(That damn tweep's got more nerve!)

In tulgeywood, in dreanland deep
Where e'er you find the blithsome tweep
(O hoppy, floppy critter)
You'll find that Gwendelberg (the rat!)
On a bough just overhead has sat,
(With a scrowl that'll give you the jitter⁸)

¹DREAN—a state of semi-deflungiation

²IMBISILLY—what the author of this poem is

³HOPPY—tweep-like

⁴GLUMLY—drowsome

⁵SCROWL—synonym of 'frowl'

⁶SPERSION—a wet blanket

⁷TO BURBLE—to do the opposite of chortle

⁸JITTER—singular jitters

GARMYTHOIKLE

O tell me, Dr. Garmythoikle¹,
Where have you bean?
"A—wanyoning², a—wanyoning,
Down the dreary dreen."
Garmythoikle, Garmythoikle,
What saw you there?
"I saw the fiercety³ jacket-thaw
In imbispreenic⁴ prayer."

Garmythoikle, Garmythoikle,
What did you say?
"I kept a glumly⁵ silence
lest to frighten him away."
Garmithoikle, Garmithoikle,
What did you *then*?
"I snukken⁶ thru the undabrunch⁷
Nor wanyoned there again."

¹GARMYTHOIKLE—pronounced *Garmythoikle*

²TO WANYON—to galumph uffishly

³FIERCETY—fraughtsome, terrible

⁴IMBISPREENIC—imbispreenic

⁵GLUMLY—drowsome

⁶TO SNUK—to wanyon with great circuminvention

⁷UNDABRUNCH—tynavorgian flora (aint we got fauna?)

MILT HERDER

HOW-DE-DO!

A Complaint Against The Vicious System of Casual Hellos

you are walking down the hall
whistling a merry tune
listening to the sound of horns tooting on broad street
reflecting devilishly on the Doctrine of Ultimate Reality
you Mental Giant you
not bothering anyone
just enjoying life
and at peace with the world
when simultaneously at the other end of the hall
equally philanthropic
enjoying life also
comes
for example
bob greenwell

now bob greenwell
for example
is a very nice person
but
you spoke to him this morning
thusly
good morning robert ol' boy ol' boy
how are ya
ol' boy
ol' stick in the mud
with gusto you had said this
and he had said
with gusto
o k thanks how are you
you smiled
he smiled
and was gone from your life
until later in the morning when you met him in the hall
and said
with somewhat less gusto
hiya bob ol' fella how are you making out
and he said
with rapidly evaporating gusto
o k thanks and you
and you said
not too gustily
o all right i guess
i cant kick
ive got a hell of a headache
thus you exhausted all topics of conversation
and you smiled weakly
and he smiled bleakly
and passed on down the hall
at lunch time you passed him in the hall
he winked knowingly at you
you pointed an index finger at him
and clucked
simultaneously shooting him and asserting your friendship
he smiled wisely
and passed on down the hall
out of your life
until the present moment
when he appears
ominously
coming down the hall
you quickly glance away
saying to yourself
i ll pretend i didnt see him
not that i want to snub him or anything
o no
not that
i just dont know what to say to him
i ll pretend i m interested in these surrealist ball posters
until he
passes

by
hot dog (you say to yourself)
thats a Good Idea
i m not snubbing him
or anything
but dammit how many times
so you glue your eyes
unseeingly
on the posters
conscious only of his inexorable footsteps
coming closer
and closer
boots
boots
he is three steps away from you
two steps
when an Irresistible Force turns your head
and your eyes meet
he smiles drearily
you smile wearily
and say
hiya bob

ART STUDENTS' FEDERATION

THE Art Students Federation is an organization pledged to fulfill the needs of the art students throughout the city. There has never before been an organization of this nature—never before have students gathered together in an organized body to discuss the problems confronting them.

In order to acquaint ourselves with the work and ideas of other artists, the membership of the Art Students Federation has initiated monthly forums to which we invite people from the various fields in the arts.

We have organized a class which is held every Friday night. This class is not entirely a sketch class. The students discuss various ideas in relation to the models, how they can utilize them in working out compositions, and, ultimately, by working in a group, by planning together, to work up large project murals, etc.

In a very short time, the Art Students Federation will be established in its own headquarters. There we can work towards the realization of all the plans, discussions and conclusions that we have reached through our various activities.

Any person over the age of sixteen years studying the arts in school or privately, or who merely appreciates them, may become a member. The initiation fee is twenty-five cents, the dues five cents weekly.

CHARCOAL DUST

By the SCRATCHER

MUCH in the manner of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, we are about to kick over the lamp of knowledge, and, probing its contents, allow our imagination to be set afire in order to penetrate another column.

Anyway, spring is here at last, and we are in love and have a cold, and we frankly don't know which is the worst. As we reach for our jar of Vicks, we hope that you will take care not to step on the forest primeval which is budding in the courtyard. We are referring, of course, to those sturdy spruce, or fir, or whatever kind of trees they are. We had a sort of wistful hope that they would be big enough to climb at least once before we left, but such is not the case. And so another childish dream is shattered.

Before we go any further, we will stop all chattering and present MacCauley Conner with three lusty, sincere cheers. Conner has done something which has never been done before in the history of the school, and which probably won't be done again for some time to come. No need to mention that it was his cover on the S. E. P. for the week of April 10th. It's been common talk around the school, and we are all proud as the very dickens of him.

Bob Limber has also been doing right well illustrating for the Inquirer Sunday Magazine. He's been doing the Marriage Clinic things, y'know, so if you are troubled by the love-bug, just



address your queries to Dear Dorothy Dix Limber, care of this column. (Attention Betty Sumner and Dick Cummins, Sam Dunbar and Phyllis Watt, Betty Bruning and Jim Phillips, et al.) But all kidding aside, Bob's doing some swell stuff for them. In private life, Mr. Limber is known affectionately as "Maw," by his hord, who share the apartment with him at 1406 Spruce. The hord, reading from left to right, consists of Wilson "Scratch" Ramnage, Bud Moessner, Jack Dalton, and Dick Cummins. "Maw" ministers to their every need, sees that they get to class on time (?) and other stuff. He even cooks. They dwell in a modestly furnished apartment, and in the bed room hangs a coat of arms consisting of two bannister pickets crossed beneath a fire hydrant top, couchant. This is set in a field of blue daisies, rampant on the wall-paper. A headless pheasant sits proudly on the dresser, bagged by one of the boys with a fixatif blower during the height of the Surrealist Ball.

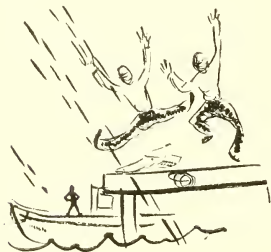
We were talking to Mr. Bullinger the other day and managed to get a good story from him. It seems that he was once, even as you and me, a student at this very school. Anyway, one day while busy being a student, he and another fellow went on a sketching trip down around Mifflin Street. They were out on the edge of a dock, sketching severely when the elements got cranky and handed them a nice



rainstorm. Since Mifflin Street is pretty far from civilization and since they were both broke, the question of how to get shelter quickly loomed large and black before them.

Just when the case seemed hopeless, Mr. Pullinger was hit with a very brilliant idea. Spotting a passing tug-boat, he quickly explained his plan to his saturated companion, whereupon they both began to jump up and down, shout unintelligibly, and gyrate in six different directions at once, 'till they got the captain's attention. They motioned him to come inshore, and he, thinking something was wrong, came a runnin'! Or whatever tug boats do.

They quickly boarded the scow, and blithely informed him that they wanted a ride to Chestnut Street. He looked dumbfounded for a moment, but the sailor in him soon came to the surface, accompanied by a string of nautical expressions (deleted by the editor). But he was not a bad guy, and so he took them up in return for some tobacco, of which he was fresh out. In any event, that makes Mr. Pullinger Philadelphia's Number One Marine Hitch-Hiker.



SHOULDER BLADE DEPARTMENT

In case you haven't seen Fred Peel's new book on photography, (and a very nice book it is) you should do so at once. Plate 55 happens to be a portrait of a shoulder-blade, and it belongs to his daughter, Margaret, who

graces the third year costume design class. Peg recently made her stage debut along with Marge Hinckley, on Washington's Birthday, in fact. They were in a play (as supers), given by some Italian organization here in town. Since neither one has any tendency toward speaking Italian, they still don't know what the name of the play was, or what it was about. Anyway, they were paid.

CANINE DEPARTMENT

For the turner of the neatest trick of the week, we nominate Edie Snyder. It seems that on the Saturday before Easter, Edie, accompanied by her little doggie, whose name is Tucker, sallied forth to Wanamaker's. When they reached the store, both gal and dog were appalled at the crowds that filed the place to bursting.

Edie's problem was to get to the eighth floor, and, being a bit afraid to take Fido in a crowded elevator, and certainly not wishing to walk the eight floors, our li'l heroine hit on an uncanny idea. She marched him across the street to a parking lot and parked him for one hour.

QUESTION BOX DEPARTMENT

When the Surrealist Show hit the town last February, Trasoff put on his hat and coat, and lighting that miniature saxophone that he uses for a pipe, he trudged forth in company with a few other guys to pay his respects to Dali and the bunch. Upon arriving, he was drawn into conversation with a female attendant whose duty it was to show people around and give them a general idea of what it was all about. But she obviously didn't know what the score was herself. As they talked, she was evidently impressed with Victor's knowledge of Surrealism. After their conversation, she stood looking puzzled for a moment, and then approached him again.

"Pardon me," she said timidly, "but before you go, could you explain this stuff to me so I'll know what to tell people?"

LOCKED DOOR DEPARTMENT

We are truly amazed at Ranulph Bye. It's like this. About a month ago Pearson and we went into the men's wash room on the third floor rear, and having performed ablutions, turned to go out. But the door wouldn't budge. It didn't even as much as quiver. No, sir! Quite a while later, in fact, some time later, we were freed by Jake Landau, who, as we came out, stood holding a rope big enough to haul a piano with. Ranulph, it later developed, had seen us enter the room, and, seeing the rope at the same time, conceived the marvelous idea of stretching the rope between the stair railing and the door—which opens inward. He should have been a hangman.

WILD LIFE DEPARTMENT

We have it on good authority that Miss Norcross has gone back to nature in a big way. We are referring to that three-inch Teddy Bear that accompanies her wherever she goes. It's a sweet little thing, and Miss Norcross is devoted to it. Miss Hall thinks it makes a very nice mascot, and we imagine Theodore must have a pretty soft life, with all the care that's lavished upon him. We think she ought to name him Heywood Bruin.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

We stopped to chat with Lucy Thatcher the other P. M. and learned, to our surprise, that she had just had her tonsils removed. She looked the same to us, however, and we might add that she's the first person we have ever met who didn't bore us with details of her operation. Orchids to Lucy. We once knew a man who went to a barber shop to have his removed, because it had "Tonsorial Parlor" written on the window.

CANDID CAMERA DEPARTMENT

Adelaide Nelson's revolutionary haircut; John Shepard still being the love

of contention in the Friday Morning Pictorial criticism; Biffy Gillis recovering from an attack of poisoning with appropriate gestures; The Friday Morn-



ing jam-session held in the Center-City Luncheonette, otherwise known as "The Spotted Weskit." It's held after the Friday morning P. E. criticism and members include such 'gators as Pearson, Quinn, Shepard, Doug Warner, Jimmy Talone, Ollie Wood, and Sam Dunbar; Friar reading all sorts of books at lunch; Berne Blackman's shrieking smock; Nonny Gardener sitting on a window sill in life class reading a book and cutting out each page as she came to it because the book was too heavy to hold; Brooke Flickinger curled up on a window-sill in the locker room gittin' book larnin' by devouring a sheet called "Real Love Stories"; Bushman's definition of a croqui—"Quick on the draw"; Joe Mazzota making a name for himself in the field of impersonations . . . he put on a side-splitting show for Mr. Rushton the other noon . . . he also tap-dances for his own amazement; Betty Sharpe on the verge of tears 'cause she couldn't find any place to get a pair of beach sandals for the fashion show; Janet Belsinger enthused over P. G. Wodehouse; Mr. Wycoff rehearsing the gals for the Fashion Show in the exhibition hall; Miss Sweeny trying to get the Seniors to join the Alumni; Georgia McKinney bobbing up in the Post every now and then—she poses for Crowther; Mary Lee Davis continually walking around with piles of stuff in his arms;

42 Seconds

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Morfesis continually correcting Mr. Pullinger as to the pronunciation of his name. Incidentally, Morfesis won that book illustration competition last month. Those advertisers with their candid cameras; Karl Albrecht and Ruth Kell gliding merrily around that roller skating rink the other evening; Helen Buse telling us her love troubles; Lipper and Berkwitz hauling tons of copper around—seems they're making napkin rings, or stuff; Jackie Bird drawing people instead of animals; Ria Bundrock wondering who hid her shoes . . . if she'd wear them more often, she wouldn't have to wonder; Ruth Conner being a gal of extremes. She raves over Beethoven's something or other one minute and goes into a dither over Benny Goodman the next. And we know for a fact that she spent the wee sma' hours of the morning after the Surrealist Ball dressed in an evening gown cooking flapjacks; And what Senior from Conshohocken who usually wears a grey plaid suit is paying a lot of attention to Sid Remont? And what makes Sidney Quinn act as

though his head were above the clouds when he sees that little Freshman from Altoona, Penna. No, he doesn't have a long neck; Bertie Krebbiel being welcomed back to school for a visit last month. We hope she comes back to stay soon. Donald Cooke being very busy as editor, getter-together, and chief stuff of that Limited Editions affair. Cooke has retired, in case you didn't know. Herder is now our big editin' man, and how do you like the size of the new book? Virginia Burr is due for congratulations also since she became a day-laborer at Dewees—she's doing very nice fashion work, thank you; More dog stuff—Anne Bergdoll gave Ruth Conner a nice 'tittle puppy the day after the fashion show, but after it kept the family awake for two nights with its apologetic yowl, Mr. Conner put his foot down (just missed stepping on the dog, too) on Saturday morning, and as a result, the Conner household is minus one dog but plus one slightly broken heart belonging to the eldest daughter. Amsterdam explaining all about our camera to us,

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although she has never seen it; Litchfield's superb sense of humor; Welliver and Beegle jumping for the cross-word puzzles of every paper they see; Lydia Bacon looking like a Lord and Taylor ad; Dotz, Watt, and those textile boys in their daily Bridge game in the Cafeteria; Ellen Amthor and Libby Schurick quiet; Virginia Walls impatiently indulging in foot-tapping while waiting for Thatcher to make a flying trip to the Europa.

SURREALIST BALL DEPARTMENT

And now we come to that much-discussed ball. But no matter how much discussion goes on, either pro or con, everyone says that it was a huge success. Incidentally, it turned out better than either the alumni or the student committee ever hoped, for Mr. Warwick's presence pleased everyone more than anything else. We were afraid he might not be able to come, but he managed it, and we hope he had a good time. We think he did.

Thanks mostly to Nonny Gardener, the play went over in a big way, and as Mr. Rushton said later, "It was surprisingly easy to follow, considering all that surrealist dialogue. What was not surprising was the complete attentiveness of the crowd throughout the show." We are puzzled, however, as to what Mr. Rushton did with that sweatshirt he was wearing. He ought to bequeath it to somebody, if anybody is around who would like to be bequeathed it.

Albrecht's costume was one of the most amazing and Dick Cummins did right well, too. Mr. Merrick stole the show with his version of Juliet and he deserves hearty congratulations. He was simply swell. Sol Mednick gave a nice performance of Julius Caesar a la Paul Webb, but his evening ended in calamity when someone caved in the topper he was wearing. And it was borrowed, at that. MacNamee came out of the elevator with some liquid refreshments under his arm, and as he

raised his arm in friendly salutation, the bottle fell to the tile floor. He didn't bother to pick it up.

Cavaliera had a swell costume, which led us to remark, "Pardon me, but is that my knife in your back?" Somebody stole the bust of George Washington, and all we hope is that he got a damn good scare when he woke up the next morning and saw it on the floor or dresser or what have you.

The place was literally crawling with photographers, and Coplin, whose exhibition recently was up in the hall, failed to sell his candid to Life because "there's too much surrealism. The public's getting tired of it." Do tell. Morfesis and Yesser put on a nice little act which included a drum, a pair of loose hips and an appreciative audience. The chorus in the play was divine. Giney took all the honors, especially when he was late and had to dance faster to catch up with the rest. Joe Gehring became a matinee idol for a night as he portrayed Homer. Dali left the mike in the middle of the stage as the show opened and had to go back for it. Spink Lowry deserves credit for his "Ariel". His costume was most appropriate. That bulbous growth on Penn's head was nice, too. The audience seemed to like the idea of Shakespeare's dropping eggs every now and then. We're glad the show didn't lay one.

We guess we've perpetrated enough for this issue, and since this is our last offense as far as the Sketchbook is concerned, we feel a surge of sadness coming over us. We'll be out of here in a very few weeks, so if the Senior Class seems to be full of long faces, forgive us, please. Anyway, we'll take a last look around and be on our way. It was nice knowing you and all that, but don't go yet. Next year the Sketchbook will again blossom forth with practically a new staff, bigger and better than ever, and we wouldn't miss it for the world if we were you.

So stick around.

WILLIAM I. MEIL

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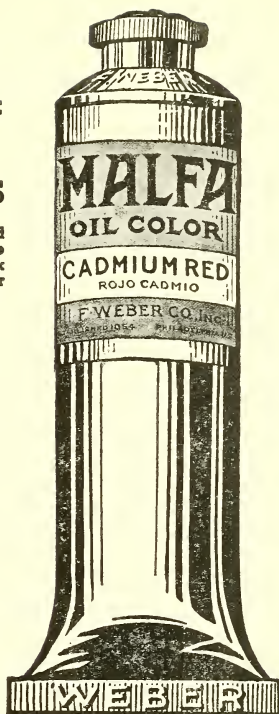
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